THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. I. NOVEMBER, 1905. No. 11.

WHEN FOUND—

WE have to record the death of Sir Henry Irving, which occurred at Bradford on the 13th of last month. Sir Henry was one of the original Vice-Presidents of the Dickens Fellowship, and evinced the keenest interest in the society up to the very last. Only a day or two before his fatal seizure, a kindly note was received at headquarters bearing evidence of this. Busy as his life was, he never failed to reply to any communication sent him regarding the Fellowship, and his letters always contained some message of appreciation for Dickens and commendation of the Fellowship and its work. We need hardly say that on the first opportunity a vote of condolence was passed by the Council and forwarded to the representatives of the family.

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One of the subjects set for the Grand Eisteddfod to be held in connexion with the Horbury Literary and Debating Society, on 22 February next, is an essay on the character of Sam Weller. The essay is not to exceed 1200 words, and the competition is open to all comers, but is strictly confined to amateurs. Those members of the Fellowship who wish to compete should communicate with Mr. R. I. Vanstone, 25 St. Lawrence Road, North Kensington, W., for full particulars. Mr. J. W. T. Ley will be the adjudicator. There are, of course, other subjects, amongst which is photography, with Mr. H. Snowden Ward as adjudicator.

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Mr. Harry Furniss is giving his illustrated lecture, "A Sketch of 'Boz,' his Art, his Artists, and his Admirers," in several of the largest towns in England and Scotland this winter. He has made it his special subject for the platform for the season, having enlarged upon it since he gave it to the Dickens Fellowship in the spring. Engagements have been made for the lecture at Bournemouth, Bristol, Leeds, Nottingham, Sheffield, Hastings (twice), Jarrow-on-Tyne, Hull, Glasgow, Helensburgh, Shrewsbury, Cheltenham (twice), Swindon, Highgate, Ealing, the London Institution, Bishopsgate, and many other places over the country, including some of the public schools. At Leeds the members of the Dickens Fellowship are entertaining Mr. Furniss at supper on 8 November—the date of his lecture there.

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As every one knows, most, if not all, of Dickens's books have been translated into practically every important language. Translations exist in every European language, we believe. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald possesses a copy of *Pickwick* in Chinese; whilst only recently we handled a Japanese edition of the *Carol*. The latest translation,

however, is that of the *Carol* into Esperanto, the new "international language," which is spreading so rapidly; and we may say that this will form a special Christmas supplement to the Esperanto magazine—*Tra la Mondo*—next month.

* * *

A German dramatized version of *Little Dorrit*, by Herr Franz Schoenthan, under the title of "Klein Dorrit," a comedy in three acts, was presented on 5 October at the Imperial Hofburg Theatre, in Vienna. It was excellently mounted and well received, although apparently it was not a very adequate representation of the original story. The principal characters were sustained by Herr Thiemig and Fräulein Retty. It was stated that the play was to be produced simultaneously at forty theatres in Germany, Austria, aud Hungary.

* * *

The Dickens Fellowship Dramatic Club is fairly on its legs, and the first performance will be given at the Cripplegate Institute on 19 December. Two pieces will be produced—*The Gentleman in the Next House*, an adaptation of scenes in *Nicholas Nickleby*, by Miss I. M. Pagan, a member of the Edinburgh branch of the Fellowship, and the ever popular *Pickwick* trial scene, which has been adapted by Mr. J. W. T. Ley. Mr. W. Teignmouth Shore, Assistant Hon. Stage Manager, has charge of the production, and a thoroughly enjoyable evening may safely be predicted. The price of reserved tickets is 5s. and 2s. 6d.; other tickets 1s. each. It may be mentioned that the rules of the club have been slightly altered. All members are equal now. The annual subscription is five shillings, and members will receive five shillings' worth of tickets for the club's ordinary performances during the season. The question of a second performance during the present season will depend entirely upon the membership and the success of the first performance. * * *

A paragraph has been going the round of the papers to the effect that a new story by Dickens has been discovered in an American annual. The story referred to is entitled "A Suburban Romance, by Charles Dickens," and *The Josephine Annual* in which it appeared was published in New York in 1861. We wish to point out to Dickensians that the story was *not* written by Dickens. The author of it was W. H. Wills, as a reference to his volume, *Old Leaves gathered from "Household Words,"* will testify. The story appeared in Dickens's paper on 14 December, 1850, and it is obvious that the editor of the American annual erroneously assumed it was by Dickens.

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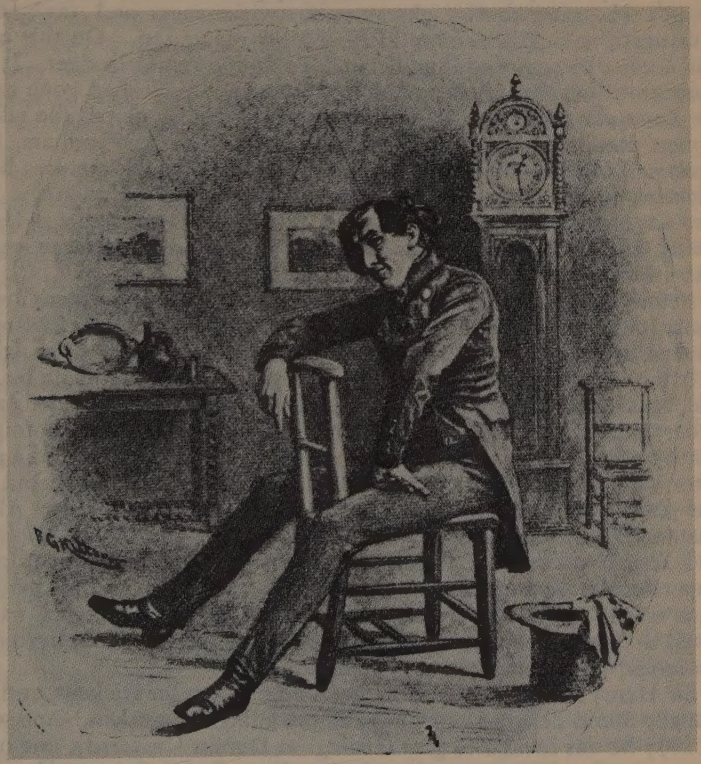
The National Home Reading Union has set as one of its subjects in the special courses of the coming season, "Dickens as a Social Reformer." Full particulars may be had of the Secretary at Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, W.C. In their magazine an excellent résumé of Lord James of Hereford's recent speech on the subject is given. * * *

The cover design of the present number is a reproduction of the original cover of *Our Mutual Friend*. THE EDITOR.

SIR HENRY IRVING AND DICKENS

By O. SACK

BY the death of Sir Henry Irving, England has lost one of her really great men. He was one who had raised his calling, not only to the highest pinnacle of art, but had made it a potent force for the intellectual improvement of the taste and culture of the community. Much has been written during the last few weeks concerning the man, his art and influence, and I do not propose enlarging on the theme here. The nation has set its hall-mark upon his work by giving him his last resting-place amongst its greatest.



HENRY IRVING AS JINGLE
From a drawing by F. G. Kitton

During the whole of his career he was an ardent Dickensian, and his interest in the Dickens Fellowship and the Boz Club was keen right up to the last. During his stage life he played several Dickens characters, and it is hoped that to recall them in a brief article will interest Dickensians.

The first occasion on which he impersonated a Dickens character

was in Scotland with a touring company, during the latter period of the fifties. He was Nicholas Nickleby in a play founded on the novel. During this tour he also played the part of Monks in a version of *Oliver Twist*, whilst he took the part of Mr. Dombey in a version of *Dombey and Son* at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, in 1861. He was then striving hard to make his way, which he tells us he found very difficult. In the following year, on 8 April, he figured in a triple bill at the same theatre, one of the pieces being *Nicholas Nickleby*, in which he again played Nicholas.

In the course of time Irving made his way to London, and played at the Queen's Theatre, in Long Acre. Here, in April, 1868, *Oliver Twist*, adapted by John Oxenford, was produced, with Irving as Bill Sikes. He gave to the character the viciousness and savagery it demanded, and considerably increased his reputation. On this occasion Lionel Brough was Bumble, and Toole the Artful Dodger. It was about this time that Dickens first saw Irving act. He had gone to see the *Lancashire Lass* at the Queen's, and in it Irving played the villain, Robert Redburn. The cast also contained Charles Wyndham, Sam Emery, Lionel Brough, and John Clayton. On his return home Dickens, in criticizing it, said, "There is a young fellow in the play who sits at the table and is bullied by Sam Emery; his name is Henry Irving, and if that young man does not one day come out as a great actor, I know nothing of art."

Before Irving left the Queen's he played another of Dickens's creations, John Peerybingle in *Dot*, the title under which *The Cricket on the Hearth*, recently revived by Mr. Arthur Bourchier, first saw the light.

It was, however, in 1870 at the Vaudeville that Irving made his first real sensation, and so fulfilled the prophecy of Dickens. In James Albery's comedy, *Two Roses*, he found in Digby Grant a part thoroughly worthy of his powers, and one which brought him to the front as a great actor. It is curious to note that an eminent critic has pointed out that the play is an ingenious variation on *Little Dorrit*. In 1871 Albery adapted the *Pickwick Papers* for the stage under the title of *Pickwick*, and Irving was cast for Jingle. It was a real triumph for him, for he impersonated the impudent strolling player to the life, and his performance on all hands was characterized as marvellous. *Pickwick* was revived at the Lyceum in 1887 as *Jingle*, and was then rightly termed "a farce." Irving sustained his old part in it.

Sir Henry Irving always had a great admiration for Dickens, and continually found delight in reading and rereading his works. And when in 1877 he was invited to give readings at Dublin University, one of the three selections he chose was a chapter from *David Copperfield*.

NATIONAL DICKENS LIBRARY FUND

SUBSCRIPTIONS to the above fund are not coming in as quickly as they should. It is an important national scheme which should obtain the support of all lovers of Dickens. Many have promised to contribute, and since our last issue we have received from Mr. Osborn Walford 21s., Mr. J. W. Wilson 8s., Miss A. C. Lovejoy 10s., Miss Helen Brinckman 1s., Mr. Frank Speaight 5s., Mr. E. H. Tomlin 2s. 6d., Anon. 1s., A Member 1s.

TURVEYDROP AND DEPORTMENT

By LEICESTER ROMAYNE
AUTHOR OF "THE SURVIVAL OF MRS. CRUPP."

AS that highly esteemed friend of the Prince Regent, Mr. Turveydrop, once sagely observed: "A levelling age is not favourable to deportment." Your democrats care nothing about pose and carriage, the courtly bow is anathema to them, the graceful pirouette an aristocratic abomination! Alas! have they not revolutionized the terpsichorean art itself, abolishing utterly the stately minuet—a dance, indeed, for ancestors!—instituting in its stead the plebeian and inconsequent waltz, whose first appearance on British ground did so shock our matrons and the aunts that once were! A levelling age this, in truth, to an extent not dreamt of even by prophetic Turveydrops, when the very Veres de Vere have lost much of their repose! Howbeit, some of us there are who still do our best to polish, polish, polish. But, to again quote that pink of politeness above named, *there are things!*

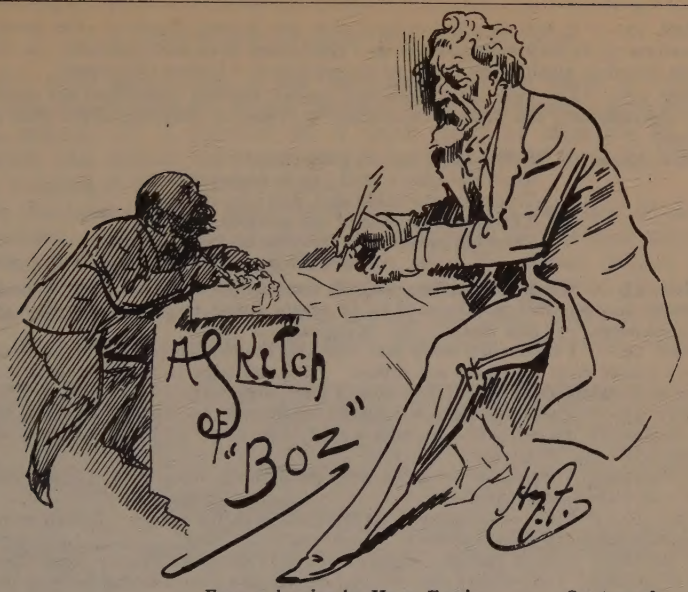
A small matter, sirs, but how many mammas of this later date may be heard admonishing their young daughters as heretofore to "walk nicely and turn their toes out"? Alack! it is no more to be met with than the past-day solicitude of a Podsnap for the blushes of the Young Person, or the Pinkertonian predilection for *Johnson's Dictionary* as a parting gift for the "finished" young ladies of a Chiswick high school. It is gone utterly, together with the moral precepts and sage counsel which the grandpapas and old fogies of another day were in the habit of bestowing upon the rising generation. What young sprig is now stayed in our streets by reverend age, and after being admonished "to be a good boy and mind his book," sent on his way rejoicing with a parting benediction and a peppermint lozenge? Sirs, our youthful sexagenarians do not attempt it. They do not unbend; for the most part they still display the unstudied manner, the impulsive movements of the juvenile. They would blush at the very thought of bestowing counsel and comfits on the superior youngster of to-day. Their white hairs are a mere inadvertence, a fashion that does not pass; there must be no talk about them as "the snows of winter"—we have no place for patriarchs in our philosophy. Dignity and deportment reach their full mellow ripeness and flavour only with age, and age we have dispensed with—abolished! Mr. Turveydrop is no more!

The silk dress, almost a religion in itself, so majestically worn by our dames on the Sabbaths, long chimed into the night. Its rustlings no more strike awe and dread in tender young souls, and deportment in its most terrible, uncompromising, feminine shape, brooding so heavily over those still afternoons, has lifted and dispersed, driven before the strong winds of freer and fresher days. Miss Lavinia Wilfer, that early rebel against parental tyranny, was after all justified in her remark, and Mrs. Wilfer's under-petticoat undoubtedly *was* a backboard, and had much to do with that lady's attitude towards society in general, and to her own family in particular. "I wish to goodness, ma," said Lavvy, "that you'd loll a little." "I hope," said that impressive lady, "that I'm incapable of it"; and, in truth, the Mrs. Wilfers of that day

assuredly *were* incapable of it; they did not, they could not loll. When the gentlemen could not unbend in the game of cricket to the extent of anything less respectable and awful than a tall beaver hat by way of headgear, it was not to be expected that their good dames at home would spend their leisure moments in fashioning cosy corners in their stiff little best parlours, that their daughters would be suffered to recline in American camp chairs, or that the reading of profane literature would be so much as tolerated on that one dread day in seven. The best parlour!—was it not the very temple of aristocratic and Tory exclusiveness, when the savour of the plebeian pipe was never permitted to mingle with its scented atmosphere of potpourri? There he sat, the houseowner, in the back kitchen, sending clouds of banned cavendish up the chimney, in a lonely exile that was only cheered by the presence of the domestlc cat, or haply, on occasion, by his own offspring stealing upon him with boyish adventurousness at unauthorized hours, breaking in upon the stillness and the loud ticking of the clock. Ah, sirs, can you not afford to laugh now at those iron times, when a socialist federation of smokers meet in that once inviolate parlour and assume democratic attitudes and un-Turveydrop positions on chair and sofa?

Mrs. Wilfer could not have understood us better at that time; the lady who could be impressive with her head tied up in a pocket-handkerchief knotted under the chin, and who provided her family with Dutch cheese for supper every evening, would of a surety have found little to approve of in the light elegancies, the posings, the raptures, the stained-glass attitudes that distinguished some of us at that period. Nay, it is gone; we do not now "rise to our full height," "sweep from the room," assume haughty disdain, wring our hands, make proud gestures and what not, for Mr. Turveydrop has not taught them to us, and now we should make, methinks, but awkward pupils. When, I would fain ask, was that last memorable occasion when Amelia fainted away in her lover's arms? Sirs, it is not done on any stage. The trick of it is lost; faintings are out of fashion; there are no Amelias now.

Mayhap there is still some dignity among us, though not of the Turveydrop quality; mayhap there is still some charm and grace in Sylvia's actions when she sits dallying with a fan, idly turns the music leaves at the piano, or trips lightly towards us with a smile and extended fingers—aye, something of charm and grace apparent e'en to him without the "precious seeing" of the lover's eyes. I would dare hope we have still some stiffening capacity and evidence of backbone, though the backboard is no longer the secret of it; that while the blushes of the Young Person may not receive the excessive consideration of Podsnappian times, yet neither has the fashioning of prudes had any share of our solicitude. That even as beneath the stiffness, together with the gushing sentiment marking our past-day folk, the human heart beat ever kindly, so beneath the free camaraderie, and open, frank, unemotional manner of these times the human heart beats kindly still, and that all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding, we can still say with the desperate courage of Mr. Sampson, when he referred to an invisible article of lady's attire, "After all, you know, madam, *we know it's there!*"



From a drawing by Harry Furniss *See page* 281

CALENDAR OF DICKENS QUOTATIONS

COMPILED BY "OLD FLEET"

Nov. 1.—"It would be a jolly good thing for a great many couples on their way to be married, if they could be stopped in time and brought back separately."—*The Holly Tree.*

Nov. 2.—"There's a surprisin' number of men, who, as long as they've only got their own shoes and stockings to depend upon, will walk downhill, along the gutters quiet enough, and by themselves, and not do much harm. But set any on 'em up with a coach and horses, and it's wonderful what a knowledge of drivin' he'll show, and how he'll fill his vehicle with passengers and start off in the middle of the road, neck or nothing, to the Devil!"—*Martin Chuzzlewit*—Mark Tapley.

Nov. 3.—"Poverty should engender an honest pride."—*Nicholas Nickleby*—Nicholas.

Nov. 4-5.—"Utilitarian economists, skeletons of schoolmasters, Commissioners of Fact, genteel and used-up infidels, gabblers of many little dog's-eared creeds, the poor you will have always with you. Cultivate in them while there is yet time, the utmost graces of the fancies and affections, to adorn their lives so much in need of ornament; or in the day of your triumph, when romance is utterly driven out of their souls and they and a bare existence stand face to face, Reality will take a wolfish turn and make an end of you."—*Hard Times.*

Nov. 6.—"Conventional phrases are a sort of fireworks, easily let off, and liable to take a great variety of shapes and colours not at all suggested by their original form."—*David Copperfield.*

Nov. 7.—"You cannot make people religious by Act of Parliament."—*Sunday Under Three Heads.*

Nov. 8.—"Great men are seldom over-scrupulous in the arrangement of their attire."—*Pickwick Papers.*

Nov. 9.—"Love at first sight is a trite expression quite sufficiently discussed; enough that in certain smouldering natures . . . that passion leaps into a blaze, and makes such head as fire does in a rage of wind, when other passions, but for its mastery, could be held in chains. As a multitude of weak, imitative natures are always lying by, ready to go mad upon the next wrong idea that may be broached . . . so these less ordinary natures may lie by for years, ready on the touch of an instant to burst into flame."—*Our Mutual Friend.*

Nov. 10.—"It will usually be found that the meaner domestic vices propagate themselves to be their own antagonists. Selfishness does this especially; so do suspicion, cunning, stealth, and covetous propensities."—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

Nov. 11.—"The truth is the truth, and neither childish absurdities nor unscrupulous contradictions can make it otherwise."—*Preface to American Notes* (first cheap edition).

Nov. 12.—"Social usage has the power to change
Good thoughts to evil; in its highest range
To cramp the noble soul, and turn to ruth
The kindly impulse of our glorious youth,
Crushing the spirit in its home of clay."
Prologue to *The Patrician's Daughter.*

Nov. 13.—"We do, in families, magnify our troubles and make mountains of our molehills in a way that is calculated to be rather trying to people who look on—to mere outsiders."—*Little Dorrit*—Mr. Meagles.

Nov. 14.—"I entertain a weak idea that the English people are as hard-worked as any people upon whom the sun shines. I acknowledge to this ridiculous idiosyncracy as a reason why I would give them a little more play."—*Hard Times.*

Nov. 15.—"There are some landmarks on the way to the tomb, which, but for the impiety of the aspiration, a man would wish never to have passed."—*David Copperfield*—Mr. Micawber.

Nov. 16.—"Tongue, well that's a wery good thing, when it ain't a woman's."—*Pickwick Papers*—Sam Weller.

Nov. 17.—"Time and tide wait for no man, saith the adage. But all men have to wait for time and tide."—*Martin Chuzzlewit.*

Nov. 18.—"I know that our inheritance is held in store for us by Time. I know there is a sea of Time to rise one day, before which all who wrong us or oppress us will be swept away like leaves. . . . I know that we must trust and hope, and neither doubt ourselves nor doubt the good in one another."—*The Chimes*—Trotty Veck.

Nov. 19.—"Wine in moderation—not in excess, for that makes men ugly—has a thousand pleasant influences. It brightens the eye, improves the voice, imparts a new vivacity to one's thoughts and conversation."—*Barnaby Rudge*—Sir John Chester.

Nov. 20.—"Be wery careful o' widders all your life, 'specially if they've kept a public-house."—*Pickwick Papers*—Mr. Weller, sen.

Nov. 21.—"No member of Parliament ought to be married, inasmuch as three married members out of every four must vote according to their wives' consciences (if there be such things) and not according to their own."—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

Nov. 22.—"Those darling byegone times, with their delicious fortresses, and their dear old dungeons, and their delightful places of torture, and their romantic vengeances, and their picturesque assaults and sieges, and everything that makes life truly charming! How dreadfully we have degenerated!"—*Dombey and Son*—Mrs. Skewton.

Nov. 23.—"Tears are signs of gladness as well as grief."—*Oliver Twist.*

Nov. 24.—"Only men are shabby-genteel; a woman is always either dirty and slovenly in the extreme, or neat and respectable, however poverty-stricken in appearance."—*Sketches by Boz.*

Nov. 25.—"Self-love and egotism are bad qualities, of which the unrestrained exhibition, though it may be sometimes amusing, never fails to be wearisome and unpleasant."—*Sketches of Young Couples.*

Nov. 26.—"All buttoned-up men are weighty. All buttoned-up men are believed in. Whether or no the reserved and never exercised power of unbuttoning fascinates mankind; whether or no wisdom is supposed to condense and augment when buttoned up, and to evaporate when unbuttoned; it is certain that the man to whom importance is accorded is the buttoned-up man."—*Little Dorrit.*

Nov. 27.—"We know that when the young, the beautiful and good, are visited with sickness, their pure spirits insensibly turn towards their bright home of lasting rest."—*Oliver Twist*—Harry Maylie.

Nov. 28.—"Waiters never walk or run. They have a peculiar and mysterious power of skimming out of rooms, which other mortals possess not."—*Pickwick Papers.*

Nov. 29.—"Love, though said to be afflicted with blindness, is a vigilant watchman."—*Our Mutual Friend.*

Nov. 30.—"A little learning is a dangerous thing, but a little patronage is more so."—*Sketches by Boz.*

A PICKWICKIAN PILGRIMAGE

THE third anniversary of the inauguration of the Dickens Fellowship was celebrated in an informal, and consequently very enjoyable, manner on 6 October by a small party of members of the Council, who visited the famous "Leather Bottle" at Cobham, where they lunched in the Pickwick room.

On the journey down many views were offered on the value of clubs, Pickwickian and others, and led the speakers on to multifarious subjects dear to the hearts of good Dickensians, until Sole Street Station was reached. Thence the party took a brisk walk, in quest of luncheon, across fields made rough by many spades, until the "Leather Bottle," with its windows looking like bright diamonds under the rays of

THE PICKWICK ROOM, "LEATHER BOTTLE," COBHAM
From a photo by Catharine Barnes Ward

the autumn sun, was brought into view. All were so ready for the meal provided that no one suggested passing. On entering the party was greeted by Mr. Anthony Smith, the genial host, who soon put every one out of his misery by a proposition to "fall on, as the Englishmen said to the French when they fixed bagginets," which was readily accepted. The company was so low that no second invitation was needed, and all partook of an abundance of the best, and were more than once reminded in a true Dickensian spirit that "there is more pie, gentlemen!" After the craving of nature was satisfied, the toast of the Fellowship was drunk in a specially brewed Pickwickian punch provided by the host.

Some time was spent in the neighbourhood prior to starting off on a very pleasant walk through Cobham Woods to Rochester, where the pilgrims arrived in time to take tea in the coffee-room of "The Bull," and to visit Watts's Charity.

THE DROOD MYSTERY AGAIN*

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

IT is a mystery that Mr. Andrew Lang should have added himself to the already overlarge number of those who are busily striving to solve the mystery of Edwin Drood, and who, quite unintentionally, are at the same time running the risk of obscuring the beauty and humour of a delightful story. If Mr. Lang had had some truly startling and startlingly true solution of the problem to offer it would have been clear why he has written this little book, but there is nothing new or novel; according to his theory, all "ends well." Jasper comes to grief, so does Neville at Jasper's hands, Helena marries Crisparkle, Rosa weds Tartar, Edwin Drood emerges from the tomb and departs for Egypt, and Datchery is—Datchery. And all this to-do about nothing, because Mr. Lang and Company will shut their eyes to probabilities, and conceiving it to be possible that Dickens, an admirable writer of picaresque-novels-with-a-nineteenth-century-difference, did by sheer force of will turn himself into a double-distilled Wilkie Collins! The book is a model of wasted ingenuity, but will doubtless appeal to those who prefer the dry bones to the spirit and the flesh.

When we have done reading about what Dickens wrote and would have written had he lived longer, let us turn to our bookcase and take therefrom *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, read therein all that the fates allowed us to receive, and for what we have received let us be truly thankful. For myself I do not own to any deep affection for Rosa, or Helena, or Neville; but Crisparkle is surely one of the most delightful fellows, and Grewgious is—worthy of Staple Inn. Never did Dickens succeed to greater degree than in his last work in creating an "atmosphere"; Cloisterham is not altogether Rochester, but it is altogether an old-fashioned, sleepy city, the dull air of which is stirred magnetically by the thunderstorm that gathers round the people there.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

XI

AS when a friend (himself in music's list)
Stands by some rare, full-handed organist,
And glorying as he sees the master roll
The surging sweets through all their depths of soul,
Cannot, encouraged by his smile, forbear
With his own hand to join them here and there;
And so, if little, yet add something more
To the sound's volume and the golden roar,
So I, dear friend, Charles Dickens, though thy hand
Needs but itself, to charm from land to land,
Make bold to join in summoning men's ears
To this thy new-found music of our spheres,
In hopes that by thy Household Words and thee
The world may haste to days of harmony.—LEIGH HUNT.

* *The Puzzle of Dickens's Last Plot.* By Andrew Lang. London: Chapman and Hall, Ltd.

PICKWICK ABROAD, OR THE TOUR IN FRANCE

EVERYBODY knows of the fever that the inimitable *Pickwick Papers* created as the monthly parts issued from the Press, and how it became infectious and inspired imitators, plagiarisms, and so-called continuations. *The Penny Pickwick*, *Pickwick in America*, *Posthumous Papers of the Cadgers' Club*, *The Post-Humourous Notes of the Pickwickian Club*, *Pickwick in India*, *Pickwick Abroad, or the Tour in France*, were some of the titles of those which so annoyed and disgusted Dickens. The most important, indeed the only one which showed any claim or pretension to worthiness, was the latter, written by G. W. M. Reynolds, a novelist of some standing of the period. The book met with a certain amount of success and appreciation, and was favourably received in many instances by the Press as "a very respectable continuation of the original," and it was said that the author had caught much of the humour of "Boz." In it the author professed no piracy, and if, he said, he could "creditably amuse the public by spiritedly carrying on the Pickwick fancy as it may please himself," he would only add to the fame of his eminent original, without detracting from his own. Reynolds was fortunate in having the artistic collaboration of Alfred Crowquill, who had already distinguished himself in publishing a set of extra plates to the *Pickwick Papers*, which had real merit. He, however, only had his assistance for about half the book, and the services of John Phillips were then secured. The book appeared, after starting in the *Monthly Magazine*, in the usual monthly parts with a pictorial wrapper by Crowquill, whose real name was Alfred Forrester, and was then issued in volume form "with forty-one steel engravings by Alfred Crowquill and John Phillips, and thirty-three woodcuts by Bonner."

Readers of *The Dickensian* will be interested to learn that Mr. W. Glaisher, the bookseller of Holborn, has just issued a reprint of the edition published by Henry G. Bohn, with reproductions of all the pictures. The price of the volume is six shillings. B. W. M.

DICKENS CALENDARS, ETC.

WE have received from Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Co. a parcel of their excellent Dickens Calendars, varying in price from sixpence to six shillings. The latter is a most artistic production, comprising four charming drawings by Harold Copping, of incidents from Dickens, reproduced in photogravure with the calendar printed on the margins. Each is well worth framing. The other calendars bear scenes from Dickens-land, whilst there are two of Messrs. Tuck's welcome and useful block calendars.

The same firm have also issued under the general heading of "Children's stories from Dickens. Told by his Granddaughter, Mary Angela Dickens," a series of six little books, with coloured frontispiece and other illustrations, at sixpence each. The six volumes can be had in a case, price 3s. 6d.

NEW EDITIONS OF THE CHRISTMAS BOOKS

MESSRS. J. M. Dent and Co. have published this season charming editions of *A Christmas Carol*, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, and *The Chimes*. Each volume is illustrated by C. E. Brock with eight delicately coloured pictures, and many line drawings executed in his happiest vein. There are two editions of the volumes, one in decorative cream cloth at 2s. 6d. each net, and the other in white vellum at 5s. each net. By the courtesy of the publishers we are able to reproduce one of the smaller pictures, which will give an indication of how well the artist has entered into the spirit of these masterpieces of Dickens's genius.

FROM "THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH"
Drawn by C. E. Brock

IF DICKENS HAD BEEN AN ACTOR!

By JUSTIN McCARTHY

DURING the earlier days of my work in London journalism I had the great good fortune to make the personal acquaintance of Charles Dickens. I was only a beginner in literature at the time and was an absolutely obscure young man; but I was fortunate enough to obtain an introduction to Dickens, and I found him always friendly, genial, and kind. I can well recall even at the present moment the thrill of gratification which I used to feel in those far-off days, when on casually meeting Charles Dickens I found that he recognized me and even remembered my name. I was ever unfailing in my attendance at Dickens's readings in London, and became filled with the conviction which impressed itself on most of those who heard them, that if Dickens had chosen to make the stage his career he would have ranked amongst the greatest English actors. The world has good reason to rejoice that he kept to his own work and has left us in his books a living reality, whereas even had he been the greatest of actors, he could have bequeathed to us nothing but a tradition.

THE HISTORY OF A MYSTERY

A REVIEW OF THE SOLUTIONS TO "EDWIN DROOD"

By GEORGE F. GADD

CHAPTER V

"A GREAT MYSTERY SOLVED"

THE "authentic" solution of the Drood problem having thus proceeded in 1873 from the United States, there could be no possible reason why America should attempt to "go one better" in any spirit of patriotic rivalry. Accordingly, it need not surprise us to find that, thenceforward, the mania for constructing sequels to Dickens's work was permitted to die out of the New World.

But Great Britain, hitherto silent—save in protest or commentary—becoming, evidently, too sceptical of the Brattleborough Spirit's claims to accept the situation, began in course of time to publish guesses at the secret on her own account; and, to her credit be it said, these efforts assumed in the main the reverent attitude of the analyst rather than the presumptuous arrogance of the "continuator."

It was not, however, until the year 1878 that the new era actually commenced, though probably long before that date the midnight oil of preparation was burning. In the early autumn of the year named there appeared a three-volume conclusion entitled *A Great Mystery Solved*, written, under the curious pen-name of "Gillan Vase," by a lady of some literary reputation in the North of England. This pretentious work was, the preface informs us, the outcome of a desire to see the broken threads of the fragment gathered up and the story woven to its end. The authoress—ignorant of or ignoring the glorious productions of her literary cousins across the water—grew weary of waiting for a continuation, and at length began to solve the Mystery for herself; at first merely for her own amusement and the gratification of a few kindly interested friends, but afterwards in obedience to the dictates of a growing ambition. Indeed, she found, to her consternation, that she had "idly entered upon a road from which there is no turning back."

"Gillan Vase" launched her book in fear and trembling, expecting her "audacious venture" to be punished, "either by having to run the gauntlet of sharpest criticism, or—a thousand times worse—being passed over in contemptuous silence." Fortunately, the milder fate befell the work; but it must be confessed that the criticism of the reviewer who noticed it in the columns of *The Examiner* on October 5th, 1878, was sharp indeed.

"'The head and front of 'Gillan Vase's' offending," said this remorseless penman, who might have mixed less vinegar with his ink had he guessed the sex of his victim, "is not that he has attempted to continue Dickens to the best of his ability and has failed, but that he has, with a great deal of perverted ingenuity, set seriously to work to mimic Dickens, and in a lamentable way may be said to have succeeded. It is the reverse of the old fairy tale when straw was spun into gold. Mr. Vase has, indeed, gathered up the broken threads of the story, but these threads of pure gold have magically and imperceptibly become transformed by his touch into common straw; and

the worst of the matter is that it is extremely difficult to realize afterwards that they ever were threads of gold."

No student of Dickens will be disposed to disagree with this judgment, nor with the rest of the review, which is sufficiently lengthy to have afforded Gillan Vase a gloomy kind of consolation; but we may perhaps be forgiven for assuming that the critic, if he had been doomed to plough through the earlier solutions, would have welcomed "A Great Mystery Solved"—which he prefers to call "A Great Work Spoiled"—with open arms and a thankful heart.

Gillan Vase has, in fact, produced immeasurably the best of the story continuations—whatever that commendation may be worth—and has at least given us an Edwin Drood free from that unholy thirst for vengeance which, despite the assertions of her predecessors, cannot be fitted anyhow into the nature of our cherished author.

The ingenuity of the work is not confined to its mimicry. There is something startling in the suggestion that the heap of lime in the mason's yard was destined to receive the body of the defunct Mrs. Sapsea, in order that room might be provided in the vault for Edwin without exciting the suspicions of stone-tapping Durdles. What better hiding-place than a coffin supposed to contain a legitimately buried corpse? What more natural result of Drood's unseen escape from the tomb than the confounding of Jasper by this same Durdles, who cries, in the words of his early demonstration to the scheming villain "Holloa! Hollow!"? The ring having been left in the coffin, Jasper's act is thus brought to light without the complicity of Edwin Drood. That stricken youth, changed by illness and grief almost beyond recognition, and further disguised by the aid of blue spectacles, takes service with Grewgious in succession to Bazzard, choosing to be considered as dead rather than bring punishment upon his erring relative. He is able, without disclosing his identity, to save Rosa from her persecutor's clutches, and incidentally from a watery grave; but he hesitates to clear the fame of poor Landless at Jasper's expense, and for this latter adherence to his principle he can scarcely be commended. John Jasper is, however, laid by the heels at last, and destroys himself in Cloisterham Gaol after horrifying Crisparkle with a detailed account of his criminal proceedings.

The Datchery nut—always a particularly hard one to crack, and, it would seem, only to be properly broken in the door of the cupboard on which the buffer kept his cryptic score—is crushed shapeless under the heel of misconception. Mrs. Tope's lodger is revealed as a detective in the employ of Mr. Grewgious, and we are left to wonder why in the world he should have imperilled his secret and inconvenienced his person, parading before all Cloisterham in that aggressive white wig.

CHAPTER VI

SOLUTION BY INFERENCE

FOR the sake of clearness, we have disposed of the "Gillan Vase" conclusion a trifle out of the correct chronological order; insomuch that, in June of the same year, 1878, there appeared in the *Belgravia* magazine a clever article—signed "Thomas Foster"—by a writer whose brain was more usually devoted to the elucidation of abstruse scientific

problems. The mystery of "Edwin Drood" appears to have possessed a remarkable power of attraction for this learned mathematician. An anonymous contribution to *The Cornhill Magazine* for March, 1884 ("Suggestions for a Conclusion"), attempting to explain the mystery on the lines laid down by Forster in the Dickens biography, immediately produced from the enthusiastic "Belgravian" the first of a long series of articles in the analytical vein—"Dickens's Story Left Half Told"—which appeared in the pages of the scientific periodical *Knowledge*, founded by Richard A. Proctor.

Subsequently (1887) the whole of the writer's work on this subject, including contributions to *Leisure Readings* (of the *Knowledge* Library Series) was collected, revised, and republished in the form of a volume, bearing the extremely unscientific title *Watched by the Dead: a loving study of Dickens's half-told tale.* This book, as we shall see, essayed to prove that Drood had not met his death at Jasper's hands; that he had already reappeared upon the scene, and that, in fact, he was none other than the mysterious buffer Datchery himself. The same book indubitably proved that Thomas Foster, writer of the scattered articles, and Richard Proctor, astronomer and editor, were one and the same person. So did it come about that *Watched by the Dead* took its place amongst volumes of able discourses concerning other worlds than ours.

A considerable portion of the argument is concerned with the methods adopted by Jasper in preparing for his crime, and many of the unrevealed details are convincingly deduced with admirable skill.

Jasper's peculiar action of clinking the stonemason's keys together during the interview at Sapsea's has been noted by various solutionists, with equally various results. The Brattleborough Spirit asserts that Jasper's object was to so dent the wards of the vault key that he might readily recognize it by sight. Mr. Proctor is more artistic in his perception. He argues truly that a trained musician like Jasper would but need to hear the tone of the key to distinguish it from others, in light or darkness. Durdles, on this occasion, cries—"You can't make a pitch-pipe of 'em, Mr. Jasper." And again, in a later scene—"You pitch your note, don't you? So I sound for mine." The theorist is on solid ground of his own when he takes up the question of the moonlight; and it is not a little instructive to note how conclusively he shows that the night of the murder was necessarily a dark one—notwithstanding "Gillan Vase," who makes our satellite a fitful but evident witness of the crime.

Proctor's case for the reappearance of Drood is a very elaborate one, based mainly upon three grounds: the significant heading to chapter XIV., "When shall these three meet again?"; the general demeanour of Mr. Datchery, and the strange conduct of Grewgious after the disappearance. The last-named certainly forms a strong support for the theory.

The lawyer is more than suspicious. But why should he suspect? The average reader has become so certain of Jasper's guilt that the importance of this question is overlooked. Grewgious has not the knowledge which the reader possesses. He has not accompanied Jasper and Durdles on those strange nocturnal expeditions; he has not seen the stern, knitted face as the murderous hand unwound the black scarf from its owner's throat; he has not observed the choir-

master's elation at Edwin's disposition to quarrel with Landless, nor noted how that quarrel was deliberately encouraged. Whence does he derive his knowledge? From Drood, answers Mr. Proctor triumphantly. From the only one—save Jasper himself—who could tell the story of that night of villainy.

As to the Datchery-Drood argument—for which the solutionist reserves his greatest enthusiasm, and which he attempts to force home with a degree of impatience, we are offered a comparison, in considerable detail, of the various passages in which the two characters are referred to. Notably attention is drawn to the interviews with the opium woman. That unpleasant old person, telling Datchery of her previous meeting with Drood, instinctively feels—at least Proctor says so—that he is the same person, and asks for the same sum. "He changes countenance when he learns it is for opium, but does not recognise the full significance of the fact." Neither does the solutionist. It has always seemed to the present writer that this part of Mr. Proctor's evidence is amply sufficient to disprove his pet theory. Neither the solutionist nor his supporters appear to have noticed the fact that Drood was fully aware this woman smoked opium. He had asked her the question point-blank. Datchery may have forgotten the information, but its repetition would certainly not startle him.

The rescue of Drood by Durdles of course dispenses with Forster's explanation of the betrothal ring and the destructive lime. Proctor, however, evades this difficulty with characteristic ingenuity. The ring is speedily restored to its former owner, and "so soon as Drood and Grewgious knew that Jasper's main idea in removing the watch and pin was that they might not afford evidence against him, the power to inflict a terrible punishment would be manifest. They would force on Jasper the completion of his main purpose. What horror to find he has unwittingly left a fatal witness within the tomb!" Mr. Proctor pictures the wretch creeping down the *crypt* steps (a strange mistake as to the location of Sapsea's vault), holding up his lantern, and shuddering at the thought of what it may reveal. He sees Drood sternly confronting him, and flies up the winding staircase of the tower, pursued by Landless, Tartar, Drood, and Crisparkle. There is a struggle at the top, and Neville is killed. Jasper is captured and cast into prison, but not until he has been made to feel how, while he supposed himself safe, every movement had been watched by one whom he had thought dead.

This conclusion, though apparently confirmed by one of the original cover illustrations, which the theorist reproduces, has, nevertheless, serious defects. Its weakness is not so much that it presents Edwin as burrowing about in search of clues leading to already familiar facts; for, as a supporter has recently suggested on his own account, perhaps Drood was not sure that Jasper was his assailant. Nor is it altogether the old objection of empty vengeance on the part of characters better disposed by nature, though in this respect Mr. Proctor is decidedly inferior to "Gillan Vase." It is rather the insuperable difficulty that an innocent man must be mentally tortured to the verge of the grave in order to create a dramatic situation, and for this reason, if for no other, the solution should be rejected.

(*To be concluded.*)

SOME HON. SECRETARIES OF THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

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DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS

The Puzzle of Dickens's Last Plot. By Andrew Lang. Illustrated. London: Chapman and Hall, Ltd., 2s. 6d. net.

The Boz Birthday Book. Compiled by J. W. T. Ley. London: Chapman and Hall, Ltd., 3s. 6d. net, cloth; 5s. net, leather.

Children's Stories from Dickens. Six volumes. Illustrated. London: Raphael Tuck and Co. Cloth, 6d. each. In case, 3s. 6d.

Pickwick Abroad, or the Tour in France. By G. W. M. Reynolds. Illus. by Crowquill and others. Reprint. London: W. Glaisher. 6s. net.

A Christmas Carol, The Chimes, and *The Cricket on the Hearth.* With coloured and other illustrations. By C. E. Brock. London: J. M. Dent and Co. 2s. 6d. net each.

Oliver Twist. Cameo series. London: The Library Press. 6d. net.

Story Lives of Great Authors: Charles Dickens. Illustrated. London: Wells Gardner and Co. Price 6d.

NEWSPAPER AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES

"A Memento of Dickens: The Dog's Head in the Pot." Illustrated. *Daily Graphic*, 22 September. Letter on same, 27 September.

"Oliver Twists I have known." By H. C. Newton. *Answers*, 23 Sept.

"The Brothers Cheeryble: a Visit to their Country." By J. Cuming Walters. *Manchester Courier*, 25 September. Letter from I. N. Grunday, 26 September.

"Edwin Drood Mystery." Letter from J. Cuming Walters. London: *Daily Chronicle*, 27 September.

Dickens and the Drama; and Adelaide Anne Procter. *T. P.'s Weekly*, 29 September.

"A Curious Dance round a Curious Tree." Letter from H. Buxton Forman. *Athenæum*, 30 September.

"Boz and Others." Mr. Fitzgerald's Literary Reminiscences. By J. M. *Book Monthly*, October.

"The Johnson Club: a Literary Pilgrimage to Rochester." By Sidney Lee. Illustrated. *Pall Mall Magazine*, October.

"The Inimitable Percy." *Punch*, 27 September.

"Two Days in Dickensland." By Walter Dexter. Illustrated. *Cycling Tourist Club Gazette*, October.

"The New Life of Dickens." Letter from William Mackay. *Academy*, 7 Oct.

"Dickens's London." By Walter Dexter. *Daily Chronicle*, 14 October.

"A Dickens Mystery: Mr. Andrew Lang's Adventures with Edwin Drood." By J. Cuming Walters. *Daily Chronicle*, 14 October.

"Cigarette Papers: The Identification of Eatanswill." Devizes: *Wiltshire Advertiser*, 12 October.

"Dickens and 'The Trade.'" By Geraint. *The Referee*, 15 October.

DICKENS CALENDARS

"Oilette Leaflet," 6d.; 2s. 6d. "From Dickens-land," 3s. 6d.. "Scenes from Dickens." Photogravure, 6s. "Block" Calendars, 6d. and 1s. each. London: Raphael Tuck and Co.

PICTORIAL POST CARDS

Oliver Twist. Nine Photo cards of Characters from the Play. 2d. each. London: J. Beagles and Co., 9 Little Britain, E.C.

Miss Bowman as "Oliver Twist." 2d. Geisen and Co., 28 Monkwell St., E.C.

Charles Dickens reading to his daughters; Garden of Dickens's Birthplace; Charles Dickens at his Desk; Maclise's Portrait of Dickens; and Portrait of Dickens from photo by Watkins. Portsmouth, Dickens Museum.

Dickens's Christmas Carol. A set of six colour cards. London: Valentine and Co., Creed Lane, E.C. 6d.

THE FELLOWSHIP AND THE POOR

By EMILIE M. MINIKEN

HONORARY SECRETARY OF THE NEEDLEWORK AND CHARITABLE GUILD

ONE of the objects of the Dickens Fellowship, as laid down in its rules, is "to help in every possible direction the cause of the poor and the oppressed," and the Needlework and Charitable Guild was formed to assist in carrying out this side of the Fellowship's work. Its purpose is to make garments for the poor, render assistance in case of need whenever and wherever possible, and to make various articles during the year for the sale of work held in November to augment the Guild funds for carrying out its work.

Called into being at a meeting of a few members on 13 May, 1903, it has gradually but surely grown, until to-day we have a roll of one hundred and twenty names in the parent Guild, and active working parties in connexion with other branches of the Fellowship. The Guild has special departments, the "Bertha Plummer" section, and the "Lending Library." Last year special massage treatment, by Miss Hawthorne, was given to children between the ages of one and fourteen years who were suffering from paralysis or contraction of muscles, and whose parents were too poor to pay for proper medical treatment. Many terrible cases were received and have greatly benefited; a little girl, given up two years ago by hospital doctors as a hopeless cripple, can now run about like other children; a boy, the tendons of whose feet were so contracted that he had never rested his heels upon the ground, now walks in an ordinary manner; a baby, not yet one year and a half old, who had never raised its little arms, can now lift them above its head and hold a tiny pair of dumb-bells.

In the "Bertha Plummer" section—named after the blind toy-maker in *The Cricket on the Hearth*—we make scrap-books and dress dolls for sick children at home or in hospitals, or visit and read to adults with failing eyesight. The darkness might more often be brightened for some poor blind man or woman if more members would find time to read aloud to them for one hour each week.

The "Lending Library" has been a source of blessing to many. Periodicals and books of all kinds are lent week by week to the lonely and sick, and parcels of varied literature forwarded to hospitals and institutions of all styles and denominations. Members of the Fellowship generally will greatly assist this section by sending us any old magazines, etc., for which they have no further use.

These sections of the Guild do excellent service, and relieve the control of the general work considerably. The chief objects of the Guild, however, are to supply new or cast-off garments to men, women, or children in need; visit the sick; provide (when funds allow) food for the hungry; seek to cheer and raise the downcast; brighten dreary walls with pictures; and "do what it can" in every way. Visiting the Remand Home, Pentonville, in the early part of last year, we were struck by the bareness of its walls. "Might we send some pictures?" we asked. "Certainly," was the ready reply. So pictures have gradu-

ally found their way to Pentonville ; the authorities have voted a sum of money for their framing, the bare walls have little by little put on smiling faces, and last month came a letter of appreciative thanks from the chief clerk on behalf of the Metropolitan Asylums Board. Just after Easter a substantial meat tea, followed by a Dickensian entertainment, was given to a hundred of the poorest old men and women we could find in Tottenham. The old folk spent a really happy time. One of the latest and saddest cases which have come under the notice of the Guild is that of an old gentlewoman, well known by sight in the vicinity of the law courts and at public lecture halls. How many, we wonder, as they sat beside that energetic little woman, listening so earnestly to some intellectual discourse, guessed that bit by bit her garments were finding their way to the pawnbroker's for the smallest sum with which to purchase a scanty meal! Well, we found her, ill and starving, suffering in silence rather than take help from the ordinary sources or let the world know of her troubles ; and now, through the kindness of one of our members and a few friends, we are raising a little weekly pension to procure food and lodging for the remainder of that sad life. If appearances are to be trusted, the time will not be long. Recently we laid to rest one of our poor sufferers, and glancing over the past we cannot wish him back again.

It would take too long to go more fully into detail, but we want more of our branches to take up the work of the Guild ; more unattached members in out-of-the-way corners to help us ; more of those connected with the parent Fellowship to come forward and offer their services in one way or another.

Perhaps it would be well sometimes to remember that we who have joined together in the Fellowship have done so not merely for the sake of amusement, but rather to help each other in an effort to brighten some of the grey lives of those with whom we come in daily contact ; but we must also bear in mind that talking alone will not do this. Possibly some may say, "But what can I do?" The answer to each and all is, "Do anything that comes in your way." It may be you will not have far to seek before finding some one who needs your help ; but if there is no work at hand, go out and search for it! If it be not in your power to do this, send what help you can to us at home. New garments, strong and suitable, cast-off clothing of any description, magazines, books, toys, or small contributions towards the Guild funds. All or any of these will be gratefully accepted, and will help us "to spread the love of humanity," only don't say there is nothing you can do! Willing hearts must soon find work in abundance, and as that work grows, so will the interest increase. No matter what we do, no matter how small our share of work may be, it must be in reality ; we must be in thorough earnest. Half-heartedness will but prove a failure ; earnestness will find us worthy of that honoured title—"a good Dickensian."

Parcels should be forwarded to me at St. Bride's Institute, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C., but all monetary contributions to me at the headquarters of the Dickens Fellowship, Whitcomb House, Whitcomb Street, W.C.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

LONDON

THE third annual meeting of the Dickens Fellowship, which was held on Wednesday, 11 October, was very successful. Mr. J. Comyns Carr, whose adaptation of *Oliver Twist* has proved such a success, was in the chair, and Mr. Arthur W. à Beckett, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Fellowship, was also present.

After the adoption of the annual report and accounts, Mr. Carr delivered a very interesting address. He said great men, he had found, always thought Charles Dickens a great man. He might mention Burne-Jones, who in many evenings he had spent with him could cap and continue any quotation from Dickens ; and so with Rossetti and Swinburne, who had recently written to him that he read and re-read Dickens continually. What was the gift which so endeared him to such men? It was, he thought, faith in romance. That it was that held the world through the centuries. The men who painted, however terribly, some of the dark corners of life always remembered the patch of blue sky. George Meredith once said to him : "Believe me, there is nothing too terrible which an artist may not paint or a writer describe ; but there is always with them some window that looks to the sky." Dickens had from the beginning a belief in the beauty of humaniy and the world, and that was the enduring secret of his hold on his own and following generations. To him (the speaker) Dickens was the greatest original genius this country had seen since Shakespeare. They could scarcely exaggerate what Dickens had done for London. He it was, and no other, who made the romance of London. He did for it what Scott did for Scotland. He had penetrated London with the glamour and enchantment of an ideal world. When Americans came to London they wanted to see the Tower and Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, of course, but next to them the London scenes immortalized by Charles Dickens.

There is no need to give a detailed report of the formal business transacted at the meeting. All the alterations of rules recommended by the Council were adopted. Mr. Henry F. Dickens was re-elected President, and Messrs. H. Beerbohm Tree and W. Walter Crotch were added to the list of Vice-Presidents. Mr. Sidney Marriott and Mr. J. W. T. Ley were re-elected Hon. Financial Secretary and Treasurer and Hon. General Secretary respectively. The following ladies and gentlemen were elected to serve on the Council in the ensuing year: Miss E. M. Miniken, Miss Irene Neidermann, Messrs. B. W. Matz, J. E. Palmer, T. W. Tyrrell, W. Miller, W. J. Gadsden, E. P. Haslam, F. J. Evans, H. Snowden Ward, Walter Dexter, and E. W. Brown.

NEEDLEWORK AND CHARITABLE GUILD

THE annual Sale of Work will be held at St. Bride's Institute, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, E.C., either on Monday, 4 December, or Wednesday, 6 December. Fuller particulars will be announced in *Great Thoughts* as soon as possible, and also in next issue of this magazine. Articles of any description suitable for the "sale" should be forwarded to Miss E. M. Miniken, Hon. Secretary of the Guild, at St. Bride's Institute, during the last week in November, but not later than 29 November. Tickets—1s. each for opening ceremony, and 6d. each admitting after seven o'clock—will be on sale at headquarters shortly, and all correspondence referring to the Guild should be directed to the Guild Secretary at that address.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON DICKENS SOCIETY (AFFILIATED)

THIS Society started its season in earnest on 19 September, at Hamilton's Rooms, Park Street. The Honorary Secretary, Mr. Charles Andrews, opened the entertainment with an admirable recital of "David Copperfield's Dinner Party," and the Rev. A. N. Blatchford's reading of *Somebody's Luggage*, one of the most cheering of all Dickens's delightful Christmas stories, was excellent. This Society, by the way, is forging ahead. Already there has been a remarkable increase in the membership, and a successful session is assured.

MANHATTAN (NEW YORK) BRANCH

FROM the Secretary of this branch an artistic circular has been received. We quote one or two extracts from it, as showing the wonderful popularity of "Boz" in the land of our "cousin Jonathan," as well as demonstrating that our members in New York are fully alive to the spirit of Dickens and the spirit of the Fellowship. As a striking proof of Dickens's popularity we are told that "of the number of lecturers in the Free Popular Course of the New York Board of Education, no fewer than ten discourse upon or give readings from his works." By direction of the Supervisor of Lectures the *Christmas Carol* is read in as many halls as possible at Christmas time. The Manhattan branch, we are told, "mean to do what is possible to brighten the lives of our less fortunate fellow-beings, especially the little children whom poverty and disaster have not spared. To this end we purpose giving entertainments in the Home for Incurables, the Home for Crippled Children, and other places whose inmates are condemned through long years to the dreary monotony of institutional life. . . . We shall lend our influence, as opportunity serves, to the work of remedying public abuses, and will support such measures as tend to widen the field of employment, or in any other way conduce to the benefit of the people at large." We can only wish success to a branch which means to try to do such work as this.

LEEDS BRANCH

THE above branch entered upon its fourth session on 30 September with a good gathering at the Church Institute. The President (Mr. G. F. Furniss) was in the chair, and Dr. S. Jacob gave an interesting address, entitled "A Tribute to Dickens." Touching the recent discussion upon the character of Fagin as produced in the present dramatization of *Oliver Twist*, Dr. Jacob dispelled the idea that Dickens ever intended to cast any unjust reflection upon the Jewish race. If he had given a bad Jew like Fagin, it was equally true that he had given to the world many bad Gentiles. Dr. Jacob drew a comparison between Dickens and modern novelists, and denied that in any of the former's works there were any of the latter's morbid creations.

BRIGHTON BRANCH

THE annual general meeting was held on Saturday, 16 September, at Steine House, Mr. Henry Bristow presiding over a good attendance of members. Mr. Henry Davey was elected President for the year, and the Vice-Presidents were re-elected with the addition of the Rev. George Plumb, and Messrs. Henry Bristow, F. G. Gauntlett, and W. Adams. Mrs. Pennifold and Messrs. R. Pennifold and W. W. Bartlett were added to the existing Committee, while Mr. Colin Covell was re-elected Hon. Secretary. The meeting voted and resolved to meet on Saturday instead of Wednesday evenings.

An attractive syllabus for the ensuing session was outlined by the Hon. Secretary, and Mrs. Pennifold, the Hon. Secretary of the Needlework Guild, reported a satisfactory collection of garments for the "Tiny Tims," who were entertained to tea, etc., on the 20th of last month.

MANCHESTER BRANCH

On Saturday afternoon, 23 September, a party of nearly fifty members and friends journeyed to Ramsbottom, the country of the Cheeryble Brothers, and, under the guidance of Rev. W. Hume Elliot, visited several places of interest associated with the Grants, the originals of Dickens's two famous characters in *Nicholas Nickleby*. After seeing Grant's Tower, Nuttall, and St. Andrew's Church and its memorial tablets, the party had tea in the Old Dundee Chapel, where William Grant, the elder of the Cheerybles, was ordained an elder of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. John Harwood (Vice-President) took the chair at the meeting subsequently held, and a pleasant evening was spent in listening to recitations—"Nickleby and Mr. Squeers" by Mr. B. Rideout, and "Silas Wegg and Nicodemus Boffin" by Mr. J. W. Smith—and to appropriate speeches by Rev. W. Hume Elliot, Mr. J. Cuming Walters, and Mr. W. H. Vaughan. Among others present were Mrs. and Miss Bell (Liverpool branch), Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield (Stockport branch), Mr. John Duxbury, and Mr. W. Hewitson (*Bury Times*). The excursion was voted a complete success, and will do much to promote the spirit of good-fellowship among the members.

Mr. J. Nicol Dunn, formerly editor of the *Morning Post*, and now editor of the *Manchester Courier*, has accepted the position of a Vice-President of the branch.

The session was opened on 6 October with a recital of *The Chimes*, by Mr. John Harwood, Vice-President. This was the first public recital of this story since the days when Dickens himself gave it. The event aroused much interest, and the Memorial Hall was well filled. Mr. Albert Nicholson presided. The audience followed his masterly delivery of the story with rapt attention, and at times was powerfully moved by the graphic delineations of the characters. At the next meeting Mr. G. F. Gadd will read a paper on *Martin Chuzzlewitt*.

MELBOURNE BRANCH

A splendid programme was presented at the monthly meeting on 7 August. Mr. W. A. Windas read an excellent paper on "Uriah Heep," and his wife recited very beautifully "A Child's Dream of a Star." Miss George gave with much animation "The Return of Miss Miggs to the Varden Household," and Miss Haig, the Hon. Secretary of the Elsternwick branch, read "Tim Linkinwater, Town and Country." As an additional item, Mr. J. H. Crowther recited "Copperfield and the Waiter." The esteemed President, Sir John Madden, has consented to preside at the annual meeting on 4 September. He is a ready and popular speaker, and will no doubt deliver one of his characteristic addresses.

A very successful performance of the "Bardell *v.* Pickwick" trial scene was given on 23 August in the presence of a crowded and enthusiastic audience. The Rev. E. Rorke was inimitable as Serjeant Buzfuz, while Mr. W. Masters made a very capable Serjeant Snubbin. The part of Sam Weller was admirably rendered by Mr. W. A. Windas, and Mr. H. Fookes was responsible for that of Nathaniel Winkle. Mrs. Blackburn was Mrs. Cluppins, and Mrs. Harrison Mrs. Bardell. All the minor parts were well sustained. Mr. Fred Scrivenor filled the judge's chair with becoming dignity, this being the fourth occasion on which this gentleman has occupied this exalted position in this famous trial. The performance returned our branch a clear profit of £5. 7s. 6d.

PORTSMOUTH BRANCH

The Mayor (Mr. G. E. Couzens, J.P.) has accepted the Presidency of the Portsmouth branch.

SHEFFIELD BRANCH

THE Sheffield branch has made rapid progress during the past year. A large number of members assembled in the Cutlers' Hall on 6 October, the occasion of the second annual general meeting, over which Mr. G. W. Parker presided.

The balance sheet, read by the Hon. Treasurer, showed that the year was commenced with a deficit of 5s. 3½d. The receipts during the year had been £64. 6s. 1d., which included £25. 7s. members' donations. The expenditure was £51. 1s. 3½d., leaving a balance in hand of £13. 4s. 9½d. The membership at the end of the season was 444, being an increase of 359. The Rev. V. W. Pearson, B.A., was elected President for the ensuing year. The other officers elected were: Vice-Presidents, Mrs. S. A. Roberts, Mrs. W. F. Jackson, Mrs. J. Derry, Sir Joseph Jonas (Lord Mayor), Sir Charles Skelton, Mr. Samuel Roberts, M.P., Ald. Batty Langley, M.P., Mr. J. F. Hope, M.P., Ald. George Franklin, Ald. W. H. Brittain, Mr. W. F. Jackson, Mr. A. Beckett, the Rev. V. W. Pearson, the Rev. J. T. Clemens, and Mr. V. F. J. Tlach; Committee, Miss L. Walton, Messrs. R. W. Dodsworth, G. W. Parker, J. W. Lee, A. Rotherham, W. Leggett, E. King, H. Bullock, J. H. Wild, C. R. Smith, J. H. Mudford, and James Dyall. Miss L. H. Rhodes was re-elected Hon. Treasurer; Mr. Thomas W. Padmore, Hon. Secretary; Mr. C. E. Parker, Assistant Secretary; Mr. J. W. Lee, Branch Librarian; and Mr. E. Callum, Entertainment Provider. It was proposed by Mr. G. Milnes that the members should contribute small sums from time to time in order to give a treat to the poor children of the city. Votes of thanks were accorded Mr. and Mrs. J. Derry and Mr. Thomas W. Padmore (Secretary). At the conclusion of the meeting fifty new members were enrolled.

STOCKPORT BRANCH

THE first meeting of the fourth session of this branch was held in the Librarian's Room of the Stockport Sunday School. In the absence of the President (Mr. Edward Helm) the chair was occupied by Mr. Walter Hadfield (Vice-President).

The Secretary gave an account of his visit to London to attend the Conference of Branch Secretaries, and also described a visit paid on 23 September to the country of Cheeryble Brothers. The meeting decided that it was very desirable that the branch should endeavour to assist in some charitable work during the coming session. During the session papers will be read by the President, the Secretary, Mr. J. H. Pilkington, Mrs. Dawson, and other ladies, and Mr. M. Fletcher. The following officers were elected: President, Mr. Edward Helm; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. W. Hadfield, W. J. G. Holt, and J. Dawson; Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. William Hatfield; Council, Mrs. Owen, Mrs. Hatfield, Miss Downs, and Miss Wild, Messrs. J. H. Pilkington, William Wilkinson, M. Fletcher, and Robert Hopwood.

SOUTHAMPTON AND DISTRICT BRANCH

THIS branch held their opening meeting on Monday, 16th inst., at the Kell Hall, London Road, with a conversazione, which was an unqualified success. The President, Mr. J. R. Smith, J.P., gave an excellent opening address, which was followed by a speech from Mr. Arthur Humphreys, of the Manchester branch, whose presence on this occasion gave much pleasure. The Scarlet-Geranium Concert Party gave two excellently rendered part-songs; Mrs. Seaward, Miss Coebidge, Mr. Sprague, and Mr. Chas. Greenwood contributed a sketch in costume from *Nicholas Nickleby*; Miss G. Calder recited "The Children"; Mr. Frank Davis gave a reading; and several new members were received.

MARK TAPLEY CLUB

In connexion with the Mark Tapley Club at Middlesborough, Mr. Frank Speaight, of London, gave a recital on 26 September before a large and fashionable audience. His subject was the "Pickwick Papers," in six chapters. His audience was most enthusiastic, and heartily applauded the wonderful performance.

BRIXTON BRANCH

Opening meeting of the session, held on 9 October, at Ladies' Parlour, Brixton Independent Church. Chairman, Mr. F. Pearce. After a short statement by the Secretary, Mr. J. Skeen gave an impressive reading from *Oliver Twist* — a realistic description of the trial and condemnation of Fagin. Mr. J. S. Baines offered some critical remarks on Mr. Fitzgerald's recently published *Life of Charles Dickens*, and Mr. Sidney Marriott followed with a humorous reading of Mr. Pickwick's "Romantic Adventure" at "The Great White Horse," at Ipswich. Mr. H. Grinyer gave a lively rendering of the Cricketers' Party at Muggleton, and Mr. R. Allbut read Bret Harte's poem, "Dickens in Camp," all of which items were well received. The interest of the evening's programme was pleasantly enhanced by three songs, delightfully rendered by Mrs. Max Guy.

The engagements for the meeting, 23 October, were arranged, in accordance with the published programme, by Mr. R. J. Block, the details of which will be duly reported in our next issue.

WEST LONDON SUBURBAN BRANCH

The annual general meeting of this branch took place on Friday, 13 October, in the Municipal Buildings, Ealing, Mr. Herbert Nield, J.P., presiding. The report was adopted, and the following officers were elected: President, Mr. J. H. Watson; Vice-Presidents, Mr. James Bigwood, M.P., Mr. W. J. Bull, M.P, Mr. G. A. Chambers, Rev. W. P. Hindley, M.A., Rev. E. G. Meyrick Wood, M.A., Mr. James Morley, LL.M., Mr. Herbert Nield, Mr. Arthur Hutton; Hon. Treasurer, Mrs. Seward; Hon. Secretary and representative on Central Council, Mr. A. E. Hurdle; Hon. Auditor, Mr. W. Chevob. The following ladies and gentlemen were elected to form the Committee: Miss Debac, Mrs. Morley, Miss Newman, Miss Wingate, Miss L. Allen, Miss L. Freeman, Messrs. J. H. Watson, F. N. Percy, L. M. Hilton, and T. J. Davies. The Chairman delivered an interesting address dealing with the great social improvements which had accrued from the writings of Charles Dickens. He was glad to see the Fellowship movement, and rejoiced at the way in which it was spreading.

The business meeting was followed by a recital by Miss Eilien Hughes, of the "Child Wife" episodes, from *David Copperfield.*

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

ETHEL BRET HARTE FUND

To the Editor of "The Dickensian"

Dear Editor,—Please allow me to acknowledge in your bright columns the following kind contributions to the Ethel Bret Harte Assistance Fund: "Madame Defarge," 5s.; "Miss Pross," 5s.; "A Potter's Wessel," 10s.; "Jenny Wren, the Doll's Dressmaker," 2s. 6d.; "Tiny Tim," 2s. 6d.; "Codlin and Short," 5s. And pray accept our grateful thanks for your sympathy and help.

At this moment we are just £140 short of the £1000 that we want. Need I say more to true Dickensians?

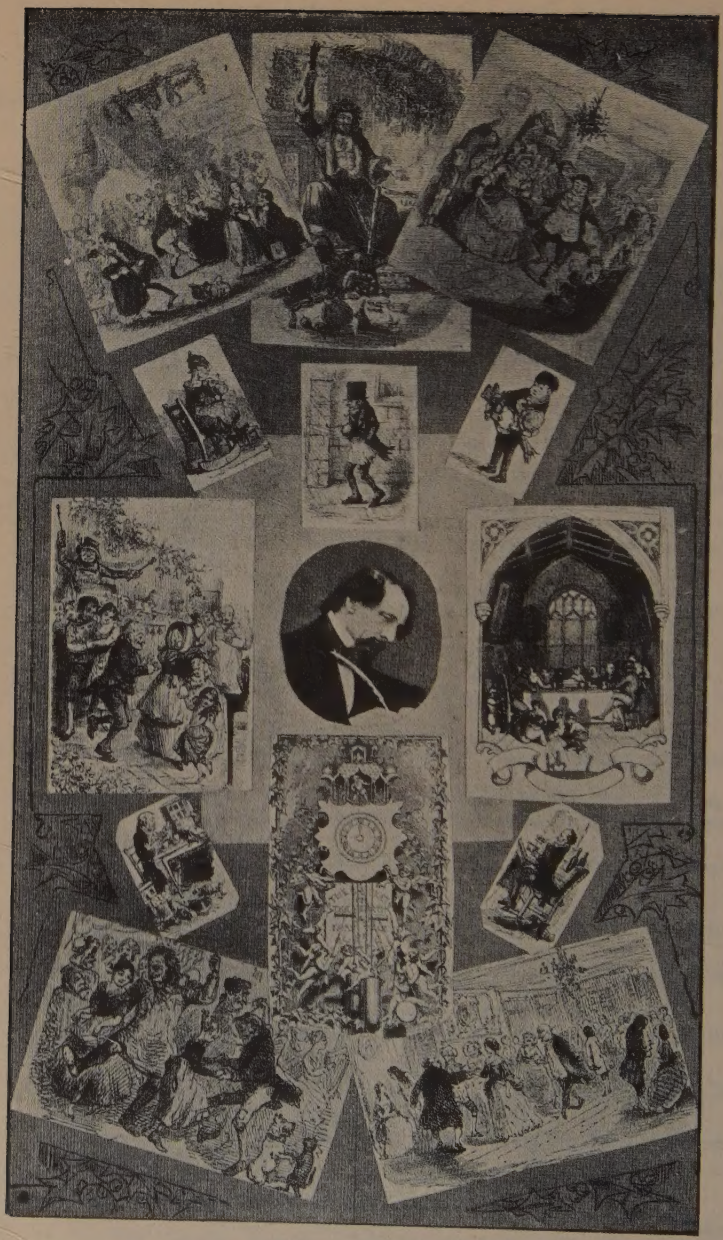
I am, yours faithfully,

L. C. Alexander,
Hon. Secretary.

Holly Lodge, Upper Parkfields,
Putney, S.W., 11 *October*, 1905.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

Nov. 1. Langley Mill (Notts): Recital by Mr. Arthur W. Hayes.
" 1. Memorial Hall (London): Lecture, "Dickens and Walking," by W. Teignmouth Shore, at 7.30, Mr. Arthur Waugh in the chair.
" 1. Southampton: Recital of *Nicholas Nickleby*, by Mr. Frank Speaight, at Hartley Hall.
" 2. Rochester Branch: Paper on *Edwin Drood*, by Mr. H. Smetham.
" 2. Maryland Point (Stratford): Recital of *Nicholas Nickleby*, by Mr. Frank Speaight, at Presbyterian Lecture Hall.
" 3. West London Branch: Monthly Meeting at Municipal Buildings, Ealing.
" 3. Bayswater Literary Society: Recital of *Nicholas Nickleby*, by Mr. Frank Speaight, at Wesleyan Church, Denbigh Street, W.
" 3. Stockport Branch: Paper on *Pickwick*, by Mr. J. H. Pilkington.
" 3. Manchester Branch: Paper on *Martin Chuzzlewit* by Mr. G. F. Gadd, at Accountants' Hall, at 7.30.
" 4. Manchester: Recital by Mr. Arthur W. Hayes, at Rev. T. Collins's Mission.
" 4. Dulwich: Recital of *Pickwick Papers*, by Mr. Frank Speaight, at St. Barnabas Institute, Lordship Lane.
" 6. Sheffield: Lecture, "Boz: his Art and Artists," by Mr. Harry Furniss.
" 6. Liverpool: Recital of *Nicholas Nickleby*, by Mr. Arthur W. Hayes.
" 7. Hull: Lecture, "Boz: his Art and Artists," by Mr. Harry Furniss.
" 8. Derby: Recital of *Nicholas Nickleby*, by Mr. Arthur W. Hayes, at Victoria Hall.
" 8. Leeds: Lecture, "Boz: his Art and Artists," by Mr. Harry Furniss.
" 9. Bolton: Recital of *A Christmas Carol*, by Mr. John Harwood, at St. Paul's School, Astley Bridge.
" 11. Newcastle: Recital of *David Copperfield*, by Mr. Arthur W. Hayes.
" 11. Leeds Branch: Miscellaneous Night, arranged by Miss Ethel Kidson.
" 13. Gravesend: Recital of *Pickwick Papers*, by Mr. Frank Speaignt, at Public Large Hall.
" 13. Newcastle: Recital of *David Copperfield*, by Mr. Arthur W. Hayes.
" 15. Kearsley: Recital of *Dr. Marigold*, by Mr. John Harwood, at Wesleyan School.
" 15. Yarrow: Lecture, "Boz: his Art and Artists," by Mr. Harry Furniss.
" 16. Hull: Recital of *David Copperfield*, by Arthur Mr. W. Hayes, at Assembly Rooms.
" 16. Forest Gate: Dickens Recital by Mr. Frank Speaight, at Emmanuel Institute.
" 18. Durham: Recital of *David Copperfield*, by Mr. Arthur W. Hayes.
" 18. Clapham: Recital of *Pickwick Papers*, at Wesleyan Church, Broomwood Road.
" 20. Southampton Branch: Paper, "My Reminiscences of Dickens and Others," by Rev. W. A. C. Chevalier, at Kell Memorial Hall.
" 20. Sheffield Branch: Monthly Meeting at Cutlers' Hall, at 8 o'clock.
" 20. Brixton Branch: Reading from *Dombey and Son*, by Mr. Robert Allbut, at Brixton Independent Church, at 8 o'clock.
" 24. Scarborough: Recital of *Nicholas Nickleby*, by Mr. Arthur W. Hayes.
" 25. Leeds Branch: Paper, "A Knight in Homespun: Daniel Peggotty," by Rev. E. C. Perry, at Church Institute, at 7.30.
" 25. Bolton: Recital of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, by Mr. John Harwood, at St. George's School.
" 26. Matlock: Recital of *A Christmas Carol*, by Mr. Arthur W. Hayes.
" 27. Matlock: Recital of *A Christmas Carol*, by Mr. Arthur W. Hayes.
" 27. Cheltenham: Lecture, "Boz: his Art and Artists," by Mr. Harry Furniss.
" 27. Sheffield Branch: Recital of *David Copperfield*, by Mr. Frank Speaight, at Montgomery Hall.
" 29. Manchester: Recital of *The Chimes*, by Mr. John Harwood, at Free Church, Urmeston.
" 30. Barking: Recital of *A Christmas Carol*, by Mr. Frank Speaight, at Congregational Church, Broadway.



DICKENS AND CHRISTMAS

A REMINISCENCE